

# CHANDAMAMA

FEBRUARY 1976

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Turn to page 27  
for the story of  
"WHATEVER HAPPENS  
HAPPENS FOR GOOD!"





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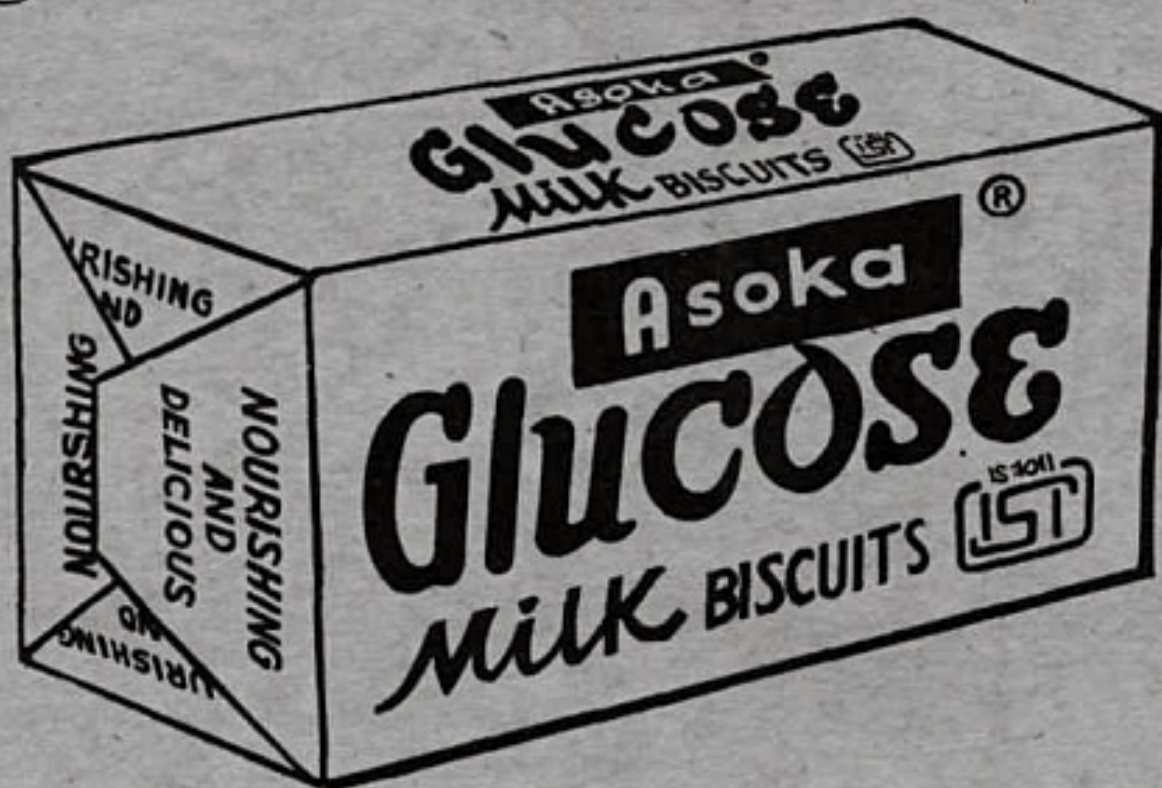
**children love it**



**young adore it**



**old cherish it**



*Liked by all*  
**NO GENERATION GAP**

**ASOKA BISCUIT WORKS, HYDERABAD.**





## THE BRAVE HILLFOLK OF INDIA

Over the zigzag hills and amidst the wide forests live the tribal children of Mother India. Almost one with nature, they have lived a life at once hard and simple. It is hard because often they have had to fight with ferocious beasts and protect themselves from the fury of a sudden fire or a storm sweeping across the forest. It is simple because they have hardly ever cared for the comforts and luxuries of civilisation. Their life has flowed as naturally as the mountain brook or the sylvan wind.

A hundred and twenty years ago a tribe of these people had challenged the mighty foreign rulers of India. With nothing but bows and arrows they had faced their oppressors who used guns to mow them down. They fell, but never fled, for their code of conduct forbade that. Records show that more than twenty thousand of them were killed!

Our picture-strip feature this time narrates to you an episode of that memorable revolt, known in history as the Santhal Mutiny.

The sacrifice of the brave soldiers of that mutiny deserves a chapter in the history of India's struggle for freedom.

After India achieved independence, many provisions have been made to improve the lot of these people who are ever in love with a simple though dignified life.



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PLUS 9 COMPLETE STORIES  
BESIDES OTHER REGULAR FEATURES

## PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Mr. S. B. Takalkar



Mr. S. B. Takalkar

- \* These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions? Could be single words, or several words, but the two captions must be related to each other.
- \* Rs. 20 will be awarded as prize for the best caption. Remember, your entry must reach us by 29th FEBRUARY
- \* Winning captions will be announced in APRIL issue
- \* Write your entry on a POST CARD, specify the month, give your full name address, age and post to : PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST, CHANDAMAMA MAGAZINE, MADRAS - 600 026

### Result of Photo Caption Contest held in December Issue

The prize is awarded to : Mr. S. S. Srinivas  
73, Mountain Street, 1st Block East, Madhavan Park,  
Jayanagar, Bangalore - 560 011

Winning Entry - 'Admired by Children' - 'Admirer of Children'



## NEWS FOR YOU...

### **Problem with the Super-Bright!**

The problem with the mentally retarded children is discussed in every modern society and ways are found to help them and protect them. But what about the super-bright ones? They understand and learn everything so quickly that soon they find themselves much ahead of their group or class, helpless and lonely. If there is no help on hand, "some may become delinquents," says Mrs. Margaret Branch, General Secretary of British National Association for Gifted Children. In Britain alone, if 2 percent of the children are "subnormal" it is believed that there is an equal number at the other end. A world conference on gifted children is scheduled to be held during the current year.

### **New Records!**

George Takis of Washington, U.S.A., has set world record swallowing 507 goldfish in four hours.

News of another new record comes from the northern Dutch community of Heenskerk. A 46-year-old man remained atop a two-meter pile for 93 hours, surpassing in the feat the earlier champion belonging to the neighbouring community of Egmond by an hour!

## ...AND SOME VIEWS TOO

### **A Guide to 20th Century Thoughts on Youth**

We lived many lives in those whirling campaigns, never sparing ourselves any good or evil; yet when we had achieved, and the new world dawned, the old men came out again, and took from us our victory and remade it in the likeness of the former world they knew. Youth could win, but had not learned to keep, and was pitifully weak against age. We stammered that we had worked for a new heaven and a new earth, and they thanked us kindly, and made their peace. When we are their age, no doubt we shall serve our children so.

—T. E. Lawrence

'You mean the youngsters are—unfortunate?' 'No, they're only, like all the modern young, I think, mysteries, terrible little baffling mysteries.'

—Henry James

The young have aspirations that never come to pass, the old have reminiscences of what never happened.

—H. H. Munro

I was born old and get younger every day. At present I am sixty years young.

—Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree





*Tales from the Panchatantra*

## A COSTLY ADVICE!

A green forest spread along the coast of a river. A variety of animals, big and small, and birds galore lived in the forest.

Upon the river stood an old banian tree and in the hollow of the tree lived a female crane, who had lately produced a number of eggs. Lovely young ones had just started coming out of them.

Under the tree, in a deep hole, lived a cobra. One afternoon while the crane was away in search of food, the cobra crept into the hollow and killed one of the young cranes. The mother crane, upon her return, was extremely pained to see this.

Not far from the banian tree, in another hole touching the river, lived an old crab who was ever eager to advise others. The sad crane immediately went to the crab and told him what had happened and asked, "How can I live in peace as long as my young ones were threatened by the cobra? What is to be done about it?"

The crab circled his own hole several times pensively, followed by the weeping crane. From time to time he stopped and explained, "When I move a little, my brain also moves and ideas are born."

The crane waited with patience. The crab said finally,



"I've got it— a very costly advice for you. A furlong from here, under that bush yonder, lives a greedy mongoose. Gather some dry fish and strew them right from the mouth of his hole up to the cobra's hole. Then wait and see the fun!"

The crane had already had a little store of dry fish. She borrowed some more from a cousin who lived in the neighbouring tree and did as the crab had advised.

Soon the mongoose saw the scattered fish. He went on eating them and advanced towards the cobra's hole. The

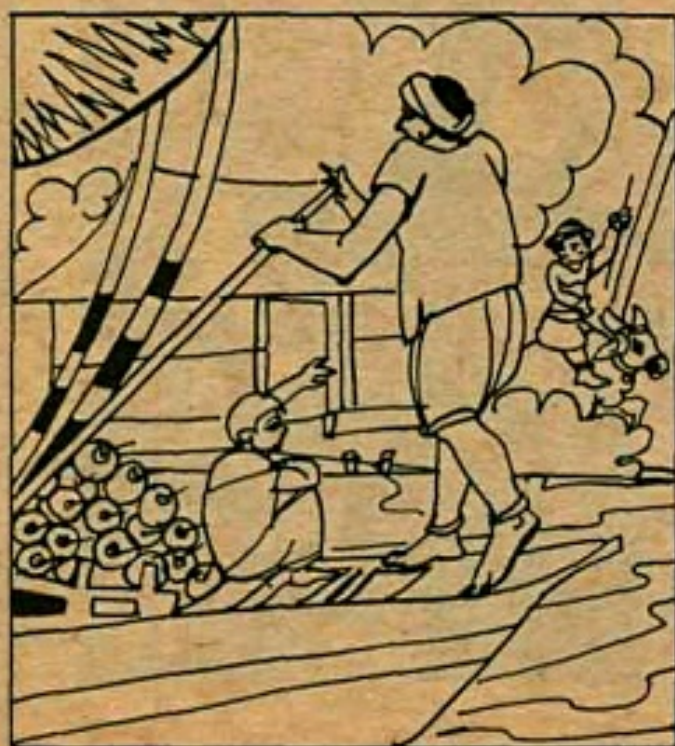
cobra came out at the sound of the mongoose cracking the dry fish. Who does not know that the mongoose and the snake were deadly enemies? A fight ensued between the two and the mongoose killed the cobra.

The mongoose was tired after the fight. He looked for some more food. Instantly the crane's nest in the hollow filled with the young cranes attracted his attention. He rushed there and killed all the little birds.

The poor crane now understood how costly indeed the crab's advice was. It cost her all her children!

## SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES

(SORRY, NO CLUE ANYWHERE IN THE MAGAZINE)





# VALUE OF A HUMAN HEAD

A king, accompanied by his minister, was out for a stroll. A mendicant happened to pass by. The king at once bowed down to him.

"My lord! You should not lower your head before anybody!" observed the minister. The king kept quiet.

A few days later the king called his minister and giving him the heads of a goat, a tiger and a man, said, "Go in disguise and try to sell these."

The goat's head was sold before long. A nobleman bought the tiger's head for decorating his house with it. But the minister did not succeed in selling the human head.

"I hope, now you realise that a human head is not such a precious thing that it should not be lowered before anybody!" said the king.







## DETECTING THE THEFT

A Brahmin scholar came and settled down in the kingdom of Shravasti during the reign of King Prasenjit. He came from Varanasi and was well-versed in scriptures. He also knew how to explain them to the common man. He, naturally, became very popular among the people of Shravasti. He presided over their religious functions and received handsome rewards.

The Brahmin being alone could spend very little. He changed the money and other presents he received into gold coins and put them in a jar. Lest the jar should be stolen from his hut, he took it into a jungle and buried it.

The first thing he did each

day was to go into the jungle and to unearth the pot and to put into it whatever he had earned during the previous day. He did not forget to count the coins every time. Doing this became his greatest love. In due course he accumulated a thousand gold coins.

The day he went to add yet another gold coin to his stock of thousand, he was shocked to see that the jar was gone!

He sat on the spot, thunder-struck, for a long time. Then he cried and shouted for help. But there was not a soul in the jungle who could come to sympathise with him. Feeling like going mad, he rushed out of the jungle and cried out, "Now that I have lost every-





thing, the only course left for me is to go and jump into the river."

It so happened that King Prasenjit was then returning after enjoying a swim in the river. He stopped the Brahmin and enquired about the cause of his sorrow. Upon hearing the account of his loss, he said, "But why are you so much eager to put an end to your life? And what for am I there? It is my responsibility to try catch the thief. If I fail in that, I will make good your loss."

The Brahmin was consoled at the king's words. The king

then asked, "Tell me, Brahmin, what is the sign that marked the spot where you had buried your wealth?"

"Well, there was a *Nagval* plant there," replied the Brahmin.

"But there must be so many plants here and there. How could you be sure of the spot by such a sign?" cross-examined the king.

"My lord, *Nagval* is a rare plant. I have not seen another *Nagval* plant in this area of the jungle," replied the Brahmin and he added, "Along with my wealth the plant too has disappeared!"

The king returned to his palace and summoned his minister and told him, "Will you ask all the physicians of our kingdom to meet me one after another tomorrow?"

The minister brought out the list of physicians and sent message to each one of them to urgently report in the palace.

Next day all the physicians duly arrived in the palace. One by one they were sent to meet the king inside the private audience chamber. To each one of them the king asked the same question, "Who were your patients during last two days



and what new medicines did you prepare for them?"

After several physicians had answered and left, one said, "My lord, during last two days I have kept busy with only one patient, a merchant named Matridutta. I prepared a special medicine for him day before yesterday, using a rare plant known as *Nagval*."

"I see, but where did you get that rare plant?" queried the king.

"After a lot of search my servant luckily came across the plant in a certain part of the jungle," replied the physician.

The king immediately sent his guards to bring the physician's servant there. The servant appeared before the king, shivering.

"You have nothing to fear, my boy!" said the king, "Just tell me what you did with the jar of gold coins you hit upon while digging for the roots of the *Nagval* plant."

"I have kept the jar with me, my lord," stammered out the man.

"Good. Go with my guards and fetch it, will you? It belongs to a Brahmin and it must be restored to him. What do you say?" said the king and smiled.



"By all means, my lord," agreed the man. The jar was produced before the king in a short while and the Brahmin received it from the king with tears rolling down his cheeks—tears of joy, of course!

"It has been a marvellous case of detection, my lord," commented the minister.

"What is marvellous about it? It was nothing more than an exercise in common sense. When I learnt that *Nagval* was a rare plant and that it had disappeared, it occurred to me that somebody must have dug out the plant and in course of digging must have found the buried





wealth. The question was, who could have collected the plant? I consulted the book on the values of plants and saw that *Nagval* was of great medicinal value. It became clear to me that either a physician or a physician's man must have col-

lected the plant. Thereafter the process of detection was easy!" explained the king and laughed.

The king did not forget to give a handsome reward to the physician's servant who was good enough to confess all about his hitting upon the jar.

## WONDER WITH COLOURS





## WHY WERE INNOCENTS PUNISHED?

King Vikram returned to the tree, climbed it and brought the corpse down again. Then, as soon as he resumed his journey through the cremation ground in that eerie stormy night carrying the corpse on his shoulder, the vampire in the corpse began to speak, "O King, I do not know what have you done to deserve such toil and trouble, but in this world there are instances galore of people suffering for no fault of theirs. In this connection let me narrate to you the story of two boys. That might give you some relief."

The vampire went on telling: Yajnasom was a Brahmin who had two sons, Harisom and Devasom. The boys were brought up with great care and comfort by their indulgent parents. But when they were in their teens, their parents died







in an epidemic. There was nobody in the village to look after them.

The boys left for their maternal grandfather's house which was rather far. On the way they were obliged to beg from travellers to appease their hunger. At night sometimes they got shelter, sometimes they did not, and slept under trees. At last when they reached their grandfather's house, they found to their despair that the old man was no more! However, their maternal uncle stepped in and took charge of the boys.

The uncle was a kind man. He fed and clothed the boys well enough and even sent them

to a school. But in a few years the uncle fell into bad days. One morning he called his nephews and said, "Listen, my boys, I am sorry to inform you that now I am a poor man. I have no more any means to keep a servant to tend my cows and goats. Why not you two look after the animals? All you have to do is to lead them into the fields and to keep an eye on them while they graze and to bring them back in the evening. What do you say?"

Harisom and Devasom agreed to do the work. They went out into the fields in the morning with the herd of cattle and returned in the evening. But misfortune as though followed them closely. There was a forest adjoining the fields. One day a tiger swooped down upon a cow and dragged it away. Another day some bandits led away another cow. The uncle felt much worried. With the loss of two good cows he realized that his cattle were in quite worthless hands!

A few days later, while counting the animals in the fields before leading them back home, the boys found a goat missing. They were afraid of facing their uncle. As soon as the animals



reached home, they slipped away and went into the forest in search of the missing goat.

After wandering in the forest for a long time they found their goat lying dead near a bush. By then they were totally exhausted and hungry. Harisom told Devasom, "This goat was the pet of our uncle. He will never excuse us for losing it."

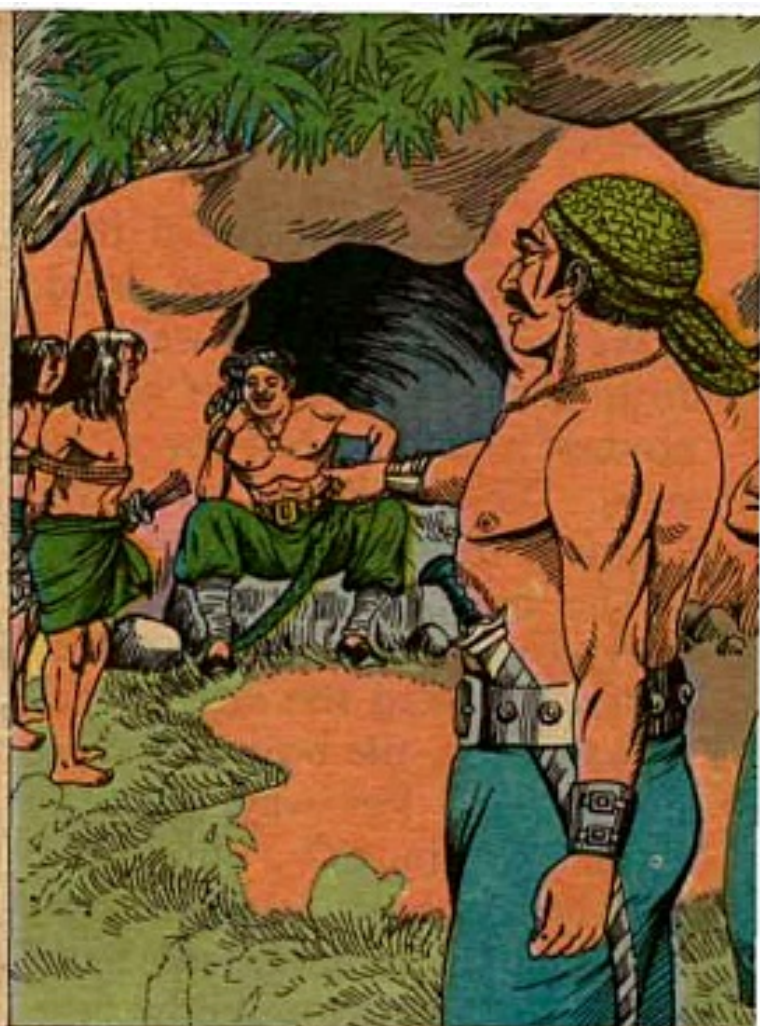
"You are right," said Devasom, "Let us not face the uncle again. We must go away to some distant place and live either by begging or by serving."

"But I am so hungry that I cannot take a step!" said Harisom.

"So am I," said Devasom, "Let us roast this goat and eat its flesh. Nobody can see us doing so here."

They lit a fire and roasted the goat. But hardly had they eaten any flesh when their uncle arrived there looking for them and shouted with fury, "So, this is what you are doing to my prize goat! You ungrateful, greedy creatures! Are you not ashamed of your conduct? You deserve severe punishment. I curse you, turn into ghouls!"

The boys had started running. But the Brahmin's curse began realising itself. They turned



into ghouls.

The two young ghouls roamed about in the wide forest. One day they stepped into a yogi's hermitage and the yogi cursed them, "Turn into goblins!"

The goblins one day went to gobble up a mendicant's food. The mendicant gazed at them and shouted, "Turn into *chandals*!"

A *chandal* was an outcaste, shunned by the society. As such, although the boys got back their human shape, they did not like to leave the forest.

In a part of the forest was a hamlet of bandits. The boys were one day captured by a group of bandits who produced



them, hands bound, before their leader.

When the leader heard their story, he smiled and said, 'Well, boys, you are welcome to join us. Eat to your heart's content and take rest for a few days. You will be given the required training thereafter.'

The boys agreed and stayed on. The vampire ended the story here and asked the king, "Tell me, O King, the boys had done no wrong. Yet why did they suffer so much? While the society was cruel to them, how is it that the bandits were kind to them? If you know the answers and yet prefer to keep mum, your head would be shattered to pieces!"

Answered King Vikram, "The society is governed by certain general rules. People who live in the society have to guard their interests. They are

disturbed when their interest is injured. The boys were harassed not because of their misdeeds, but because of the force of circumstance. Not that the uncle did not love the boys, but he uttered the curse in a fit of passion. The yogi's and the mendicant's curses were not really curses, but boons. To turn goblins from ghouls and then *chandals* from goblins were both turns towards the better.

So far as the sympathy of the bandits is concerned, we must remember that they were not bound by the laws of the society. Why then should they hesitate to accept two outcasts into their fold?"

No sooner had King Vikram spoken thus than the corpse gave him the slip. In the next moment it was found hanging from the branch of the lone tree in a corner of the ground.







## HEARD BY MISTAKE!

A certain thief had four sons and they were as adept in the art of thievery as the father.

While breathing his last, the old thief advised his sons, "Carry on your business carefully. Never enter a temple, never listen to any discourse on religious scriptures!"

After they buried their father, the four young thieves resumed their work. Lest they should hear any discourse on scriptures, they shut their ears compressing cotton into them whenever they passed by a temple.

One night, while they were proceeding to steal from the king's palace, they happened to pass by a temple. Just then the cotton from one of the ears of the youngest thief fell down and he could not help hearing

the priest's words. The priest, while explaining a mythological story from a scripture, was then telling his audience, "When gods, goddesses, or ghosts walk on this earth, their feet do not touch the ground, neither do they cast shadows."

The thief immediately screwed up his ear before he could hear anything more. That night the thieves stole some costly things from the palace and buried them in a jungle near their hut.

In the morning the king was furious to learn of the theft. He called his minister and said, "A theft from palace is a serious matter. You must try to catch the thieves personally. Go and do the needful as soon as possible."



The minister made a thorough investigation and found out in which direction the thieves had gone. Soon he came to know about the four brothers who lived by the side of the forest and about whose means of livelihood nothing certain was known.

But the minister did not wish to arrest them immediately. It would be excellent, he thought, if the goods were first recovered from them or if they were made to disclose where they had kept them.

The minister painted himself black, wore a black hood and appearing before their hut at night, gave out terrifying shrieks.

The brothers came out of their hut to see what the matter was. The minister yelled, "I am a ghost who live in a deserted room in the palace. The things you fellows stole last night were used by me. Tell me where you have hid them or I will suck your blood!"

The three elder brothers did not know what to do. One more shriek from the apparition would have made them disclose where they had lain the stolen property. But suddenly the youngest brother jumped for-

ward and shouted, "You are a ghost, are you? Come on, you rogue, let me stab you and see whether you bleed or not, for, a ghost does not bleed. You deserve a lesson for harassing innocent people like us!"

As soon as the youngest thief rushed with a knife, the minister fled. The three brothers congratulated the youngest one and asked him, "How could you be sure that it was not a ghost?"

"By mistake, last night I happened to hear a few words of the priest's discourse on scriptures. He said that the feet of ghosts never touched the ground and that they did not cast shadows. I observed and found that this fellow's feet touched the ground all right and he also cast a shadow in the moonlight!" explained the youngest.

"If by listening to a little of the religious discourse we were saved from certain death, how much more beneficial it must prove if we listen to such discourses regularly!" discussed the brothers.

Thereafter they began to listen to the discourses regularly. Soon good sense prevailed in them. They gave up thievery and earned their livelihood through honest means.





# REBEL ACHERS OF THE FOREST

Sundarban is the region where the Ganga splits into several branches and meets the sea. The area, till decades ago, was covered by a wide forest. The rivers abounded in crocodiles and the forest in Royal Bengal Tigers.

The tribe known as Santhals were the children of this forest. Simple but brave, they lived and asserted themselves fighting with many dangers. They were scattered from the district known as the Santhal Parganas up to Birbhum.



In 1838, the Santhals were paying two thousand rupees as tax to their landlords for the lands they tilled. But after the British consolidated their rule under the banner of the East India Company, the tax was increased to 44 thousand rupees. When the Santhals could not pay, the landlords and the police harassed and tortured them.





At last, two years before the famous Sepoy Mutiny of 1857, the Santhals raised a revolt and declared that they were subjects of God and not of the British or their agents. They burnt down the Company's offices and declared themselves independent.

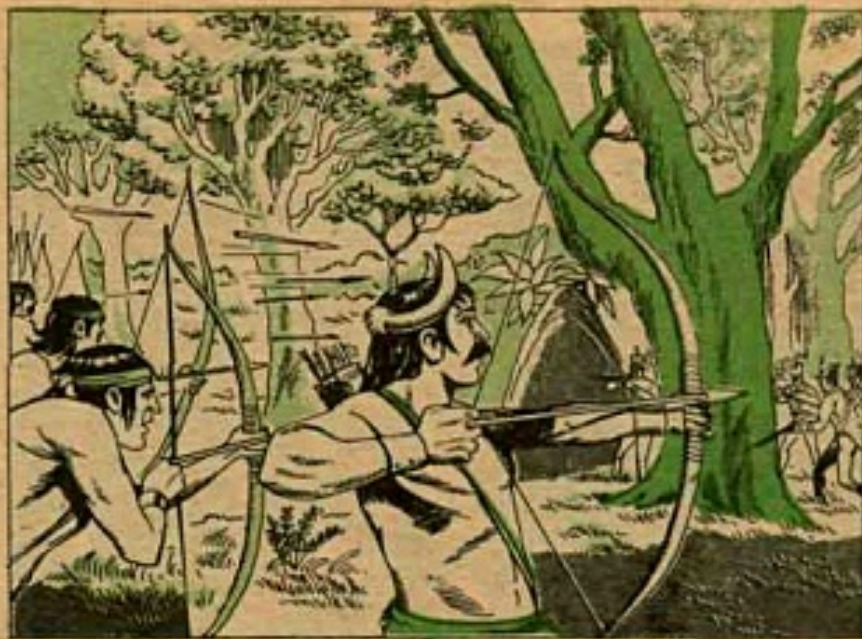
The East India Company's Soldiers invaded the forest. It was not easy to locate the Santhal hamlets. The soldiers would look over the tree-tops and observe where smoke rose. Then they would rush there.



In order to terrorise the Santhals, the Company's men made a large horde of elephants drunk and let them loose on the Santhal habitation. The elephants trampled innocent women and children to death.



The Santhals fought bravely but naively, with arrows. According to the code of conduct they followed, they would not resort to any trick; nor would they retreat. Before the fire-arms of the Company, they naturally fell by the hundreds.



After a long-drawn battle, the Company soldiers at last swooped down upon a village which was the stronghold of the rebels. They were shot at with hundreds of arrows discharged from inside a hut, through holes in the walls. The soldiers could not make any headway for a long time.

Then some soldiers climbed the trees around and poured bullets into the hut mercilessly. But every round of fire was answered by a shower of arrows although each time the arrows became fewer.

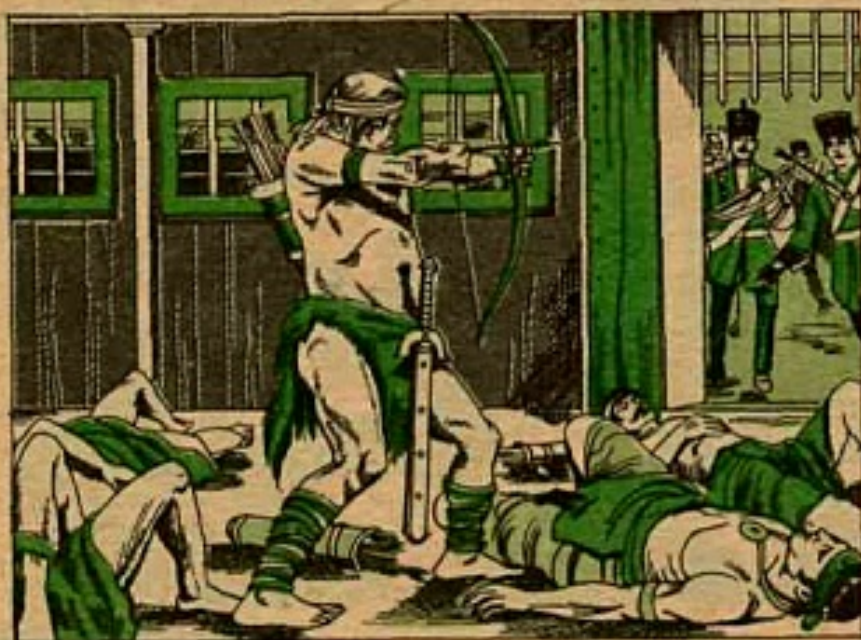






At last, in reply to bullets, only one arrow came out of the hut. The soldiers shouted, "Open the door and surrender!" But each time they gave out this call, pop came out an arrow.

But a time came when even that stopped. The soldiers broke open the door. Inside the hut all the Santhals were dead or dying, excepting an old man who stood at the middle. He was the one who discharged the solitary arrow. A bullet had now broken his left hand.



The soldiers enthusiastically rushed to capture the last archer. But suddenly he flashed a sword and fought valiantly with his remaining hand, killing several soldiers, till they retreated and killed the old Santhal by bullets from distance.

The Santhal Mutiny ended, but it deserved to be remembered as a heroic chapter in India's struggle for freedom.





## THE JOY OF GIVING

In the large village of Shripur, a century ago, lived a landlord named Raghav Rao. He was famous for his kindness and philanthropy. He was always ready to share the sufferings of not only his neighbours but of whoever came to him for help.

Raghav Rao's example had inspired several rich people of the area to do alike.

But so far Ratanlal, the richest merchant of Shripur was concerned, nothing could sway him from his awful miserliness. He had amassed vast wealth. Even then he was not satisfied. He harassed poor people by realising heavy interest from them against the loans they took from him.

Once there took place a terrible storm. Hundreds of families suffered the loss of their houses. The crops were spoilt

due to rain water accumulating in the fields. Consequently there was a famine in the area.

Raghav Rao helped the distressed people as well as he could. He even sold away his wife's and daughter's ornaments to provide the hungry people with food. But how long could one man stand against the misfortune that had befallen the whole area?

Raghav Rao called a meeting of all the rich men of Shripur and appealed to them for help. They said, "We are ready to contribute to the relief fund according to our mite. But fabulously rich is Ratanlal. Why don't you ask him to help?"

Raghav Rao thought for a while. After the rich men departed, he went to Ratanlal and told him, "Sethji, please do me



a favour. Lend me a sum of ten thousand rupees till the evening. But please write on a piece of paper that you have donated the amount to the relief fund I have opened. But be sure, I will return the money soon after the sunset."

"How can you profit by the money in such a short time, Raoji?" asked Ratanlal with curiosity.

"Don't bother about that. It will be of some solid use. You will do a great service to the people by giving me the loan," replied Raghav Rao.

Ratanlal had no doubt that Raghav Rao was a man of truth. So he gave him the amount without much hesitation, saying, "Take it, but don't forget to return it in the evening!" Thereafter he wrote down on a paper a declaration as dictated by Raghav Rao and put his signature to it.

Raghav Rao then met all the rich men of the village one after another and showed them the money and Ratanlal's statement that he had given it as a donation. Everybody knew what a niggard Ratanlal was. Now, each one of the rich people thought, "If the greatest miser had the heart to give such a big

sum, I ought to give much more!" Thus, Raghav Rao's collection rose beyond his own calculation. In the evening Raghav Rao met Ratanlal and said, "Thank you, Sethji, now take back your money. But rest assured that you have done a great service to the needy without spending a pie!"

But surprisingly, Ratanlal refused to take back the money. To Raghav Rao's amazement, he brought out yet another bag with ten thousand rupees more and said, "Raoji! Since morning numerous people have met me and congratulated me for my so called donation. Some of them even wept with gratefulness. I felt extremely ashamed, because I had only given you a loan. Then I decided to really make it a donation. As soon as I took that resolution, my heart was filled with joy. I did not know that there was so much joy in helping others. Please deposit that amount in the relief fund and also add to that this fresh amount of ten thousand rupees!"

Raghav Rao embraced Ratanlal. He was, needless to say, the happiest man at this remarkable change in the merchant.





## WHATEVER HAPPENS HAPPENS FOR GOOD!

The prince, after his father's death, inherited the kingdom and a huge fortune in cash and gold. That he liked all right. What he never liked was inheriting his father's minister.

Not that the minister stood in the way of the young king feasting or merrymaking as he liked, but he constantly looked as serious as the holy cross and his presence was enough to draw a wet blanket on the gay spirit of the king and his chums.

Moreover the minister was in the habit of muttering oftentimes, "Whatever happens, happens for good!" This irritated

the king. "How on earth can a bad cold or a fall from the horseback mean good?" he would ask his confidants and observe, "The minister's common sense, through long use, has become as blunt as his baldpate. Or, maybe, he has grown lazy and so, he is inclined to take lying down whatever came to him, assuring himself that all was well!"

But the king would not allow his chief officer to remain such a dullard for long. Some zest must be infused into him. A little outing, a little participation in some exciting event



should do him good, thought the king and so one day he asked the minister to accompany him into the forest, on a hunting expedition.

"Very well," said the old minister as usual and joined the party.

It seemed an inauspicious day. A mushroom of clouds had been noticed on the horizon when they left the palace. It was thought that the clouds would soon clear away. But just when the party entered the forest there was a heavy wind and a branch broke off a tall tree and came crashing on the king. Luckily the king escaped with only a small cut on his head. Nevertheless, he gave out a big shriek and at that all the soldiers and courtiers accompanying him roused a howl of false concern and sympathy.

But the minister smiled and consoled the king, "Your Highness, do not grieve. Whatever happens happens for good!"

Never before had these words sounded so bitter to the king as they did then. He trembled with rage and ordered his men to bind the minister's hands and legs and throw him into a dark pit which was nearby. His order was duly carried out. He

looked down into the pit and shouted gleefully, "Whatever, happens, happens for good, isn't that so? Now, have a taste of your pet theory through practice. Goodbye!"

The king and his men had not gone very far when there broke out a gale followed by a heavy downpour. There were a heavy downpour. There were terrific thunderclaps and a couple of trees, struck by lightning, fell before their eyes. In panic the men ran helter-skelter and the king stood alone not knowing what to do.

All of a sudden he was surrounded by a gang of dacoits. Deep inside the jungle these dacoits had their deity. It was a custom with them to sacrifice a human being before the deity once in a year. The rite was considered doubly sacred if the sacrifice could be offered in a stormy night.

The king was no match for the dacoits. He was captured and, bound in rope, was carried to their temple situated in a remote part of the jungle. There they were about to cut off his head before their deity when they happened to observe the wound on his head. Disgusted,



they released the king, for the law of the rite demanded that the man to be killed must not have any raw wound on his body.

The rain stopped. The dazed king was groping for his way when his bodyguards found him out. Again they raised a howl, this time of joy, of course.

The tired king sat down on a rock and sent some of his men to rescue his minister from the pit. When the minister, bright as ever, was produced before him, the king embraced him and, in tears, said, "O my wise minister, I have at last

realised how true you were! I would have lost my head but for the blessed wound on it. But I am really ashamed of what I did to you. I do not know how to apologise for my cruel conduct."

The minister said, "Be assured, my noble king, that whatever happened, happened for good. I saw the dacoits when they passed by. They could not see me because I was inside the pit. Otherwise they would surely have taken hold of me and would have sacrificed me before their deity!"

—Retold by Manoj Das







# The

Last time you read something about Achilles in connection with the phrase *The Heal of Achilles*. Now we go back to the time when Thetis and Peleus, Achilles's parents, married.

Thetis was a deity of the sea. Peleus, the king of Thessaly, married her. This marriage between a mortal and an immortal was a grand affair to which many gods and goddesses had been invited.

But Peleus did not invite a certain goddess named Discordia or Eris. She was a terrible goddess with torn garments and eyes of sparkling fire, and head entwined with serpents. She sowed the seeds of discord and dissension wherever she went.

Peleus's conduct infuriated Discordia. She threw a golden apple on the table around which the guests sat. The apple bore

an inscription which read, "For the most beautiful."

Among the guests were Juno, Minerva and Venus, three goddesses. Each one of them considered herself the most beautiful and claimed the apple.

Gods were unwilling to give their opinion on the controversy among the three beautiful goddesses. They named Paris, the wise prince of Troy who then lived on a mountain, as the judge.

The three goddesses appeared before Paris. Each one, eager to influence his judgement, promised him a boon. Juno promised a kingdom if he would give his judgement in her favour; Minerva promised him glory in war and Venus promised him the fairest woman in the world.

Paris adjudged Venus as the most beautiful of the goddesses. In due course Venus led him to



# Apple of Discord

meet Helen, the fairest woman in the world, the wife of Menelaus of Sparta, a state in Greece. Paris persuaded Helen to elope with him to Troy.

All the princes of Greece

joined in an expedition against Troy to recover Helen. A long and brutal war, famous as the Trojan War, followed, resulting in the fall of Troy and Helen being won back.

Because Discordia's apple was the cause of discord, first among the goddesses and then, indirectly, among Troy and Greece, it is known as the Apple of Discord. Now, we use the phrase to describe anything which become a cause of envy or dissension between two parties. For example, "When Richard died his beautiful piano became the apple of discord between his two sons, for, Richard had only said that he who can play best should possess the piano". The phrase is often used in journalism to mean an area or a property to which two or more countries put forth their claims.





## THE KING AND THE COBBLER

On the outskirts of a town in Rajasthan stood a hut. But hardly ever a hut was frequented by so many people. The reason was, in that hut lived Ravidas the cobbler.

But why should so many people visit the hut of a cobbler?

A cobbler by profession though, Ravidas had been an intimate friend of the great saint Kabir and had turned a saint himself. Numerous people became his disciples.

In the town lived Raja Pipa, the ruler of a Rajput territory. He heard so much about the spiritual virtues, powers and compassion of Ravidas that he became extremely eager to become his disciple.

But Pipa, after all, was a Raja. Would it not look ridiculous for a Raja to become a cobbler's disciple?

This thought checked him from meeting Ravidas. But as time passed, it occurred him that perhaps he was letting a great opportunity slip by. It is not often that one comes across a genuine saint. Should he not take advantage of Ravi-

das's presence in his own town?

An opportunity soon came to him. It was a day of a festival and most of the townsfolk had gone to a fair. The Raja rode by Ravidas's hut and sure that nobody was nearby to see him, got down from his horse and entered the hut.

Ravidas, it seemed, was then washing his hands in a pot of water. He was surprised and delighted to see the Raja. He stood up and welcomed him.

"I have not come to you as the Raja, O noble saint, I have come to you as an humble seeker. I beseech you, please initiate me to your discipleship and grant me some spiritual experience," said the Raja.

Ravidas immediately handed over the pot of water to Raja Pipa and asked him to drink it.

The Raja was in a quandary. The water appeared dirty. Wasn't the cobbler playing a practical joke on him? Wouldn't he later go on telling people how he made the Raja drink filth?

But he did not dare to refuse. He did a trick. He had put on



a woollen gown with long sleeves. Taking the pot near his mouth, he slowly poured the water into his sleeves which soaked them instantly. He put down the pot when it was empty.

"You can now go away, Raja. Meet me again when you feel like," said Ravidas.

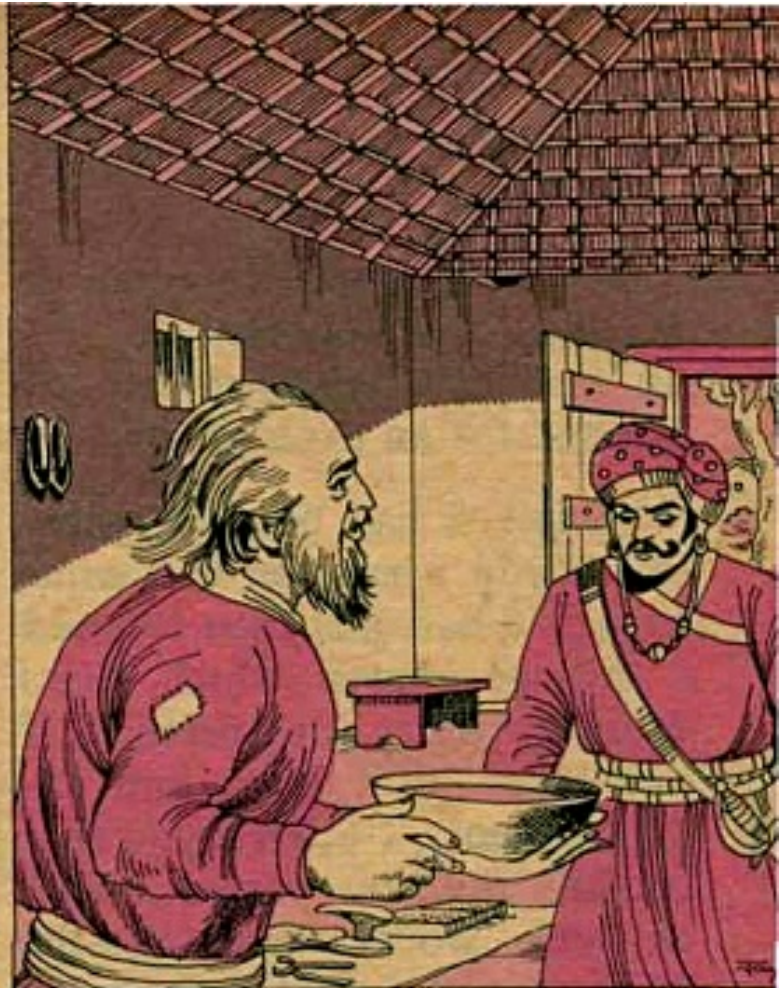
The Raja was already anxious to leave for the fear of being seen there by people returning from the fair. He bowed to the saint and hurried back to his horse and galloped away.

A month later the Raja heard a strange story. His washerman had a small daughter who was illiterate and ignorant. But one fine morning she had started talking pearls of wisdom! Not only that, her blessings brought peace to people. Her conduct was like that of a person who had realised God.

Raja Pipa became curious. Accompanied by his courtiers he paid a visit to the washerman's house. As soon as he arrived there, the washerman's daughter came running to him and greeted him and said, "How grateful I am to you, O Raja!"

"Grateful to me? For what?" queried the Raja.

"Whatever I have got is your



gift, O Raja. It happened like this: one day you sent a woollen gown for washing. My father asked me to do the needful. Taking the garment into my hand, I found the sleeves wet. I thought that some very sweet drink from the Raja's cup must have slipped into the sleeves. I pressed my lips on the sleeves and sucked the juice. It tasted wonderful and a great change came over me instantly. I forgot that I was only a poor washerman's ignorant daughter. My mind was filled with joy, light and compassion, and my heart with strength. I began uttering words which I had



never uttered. I have been attracting so many people since then!" said the girl.

The bewildered Raja ran to Ravidas and reported to him all that had happened and requested for an explanation.

"Raja! I had been delighted to see you when you first came to me. I had just then received a strange power which turns ordinary water into nectar. If one takes it, it gives him enlightenment. I offered you that nectar. But you wasted it and, as luck would have it, the washerman's daughter benefited by it. What can I do, Raja?"

The Raja stood embarrassed and silent for a while. Then he appealed to the saint, "It was most kind of you to give me that water, O saint, but can't you give me the same once more?"

"No, Raja. The power works only when I am extremely delighted with somebody. And one cannot be delighted by wishing to be so. I had been delighted when you met me for the first time as an humble seeker," replied the saint.

Then, looking at the king with kindness, he said again, "But do not grieve. Continue to aspire for God's Grace. A sincere prayer never fails."







# NOT A FOOL!

In a certain village lived a young fool who always said, "I'm not a fool!"

He was employed in a cloth-merchant's shop. The merchant knew the boy's calibre and so he never gave him any work which needed some exercise of common sense or intelligence.

One day there was no work for the boy. The merchant gave him a few yards of linen and said, "Go to the market and try to sell this. If you can make some profit, I will give you a part of it."

"At what price can I sell this?" asked the boy.

The boy had stood in the shop and had observed this particular kind of cloth being

sold for months. The merchant that is why took it for granted that he already knew the price. "It does not matter whether you sell it at ten paise less or ten paise more," the merchant said.

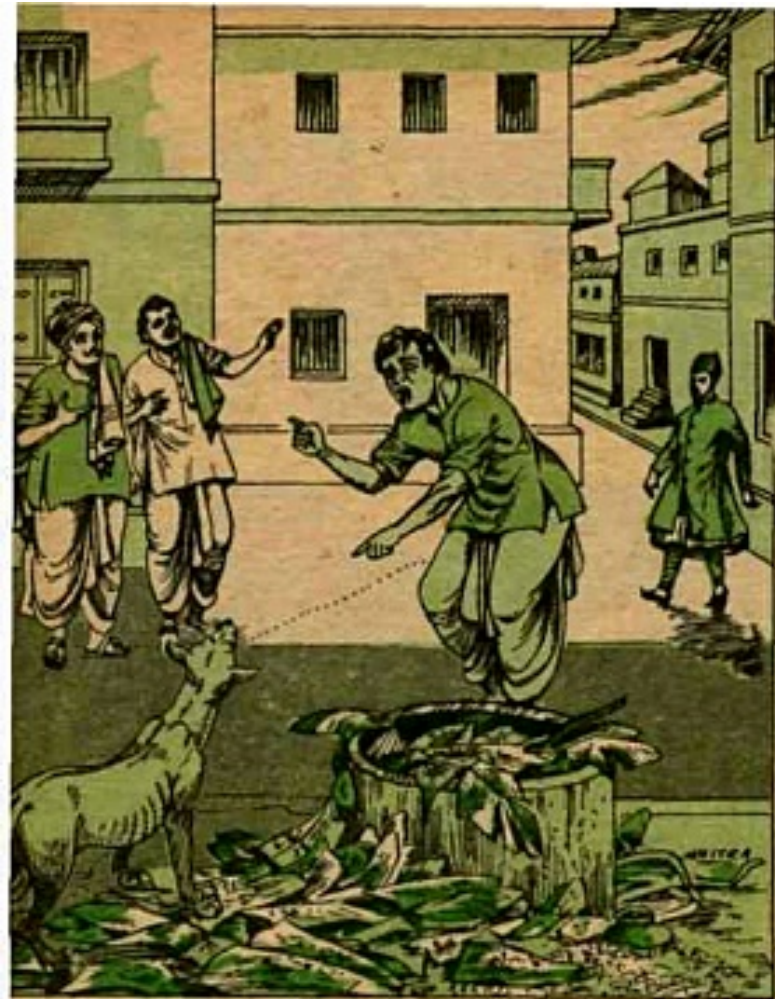
"I understand. I'm not a fool!" said the jubilant boy and sped away towards the market.

At the market he sat under a tree and cried out from time to time, "Here goes a nice piece of cloth for ten paise less or ten paise more!"

"At what price would you sell it?" asked a few customers.

"At ten paise less or ten paise more, of course," replied the boy smartly. The customers





could not make out anything and went away. But there was a clever man who observed the boy for a while and understood that there was something wrong with him. He kept a ten-paise piece on his left palm and kept two ten-paise pieces on his right palm and showing them to the boy, said, "Here is ten paise less and here is ten paise more. Choose your price."

"I choose ten paise more. I'm not a fool!" said the boy as he picked up the two ten-paise pieces. The cloth changed hands and the boy got up in order to return to his master.

By then he was quite hungry.

He bought a piece of bread paying twenty paise. But just as he was about to bite it, a stray dog came running towards him and snatched away the bread and ran away.

The boy pursued the dog, but could not recover his bread. Hungry and tired, he met the merchant at sundown.

"If you would have given me several more pieces I would have sold them all," he boasted before the merchant.

"Is that so? All right. I will give you more next time. Now, for how much did you sell the piece?" asked the merchant.

"For ten paise more, not less. In other words, I sold it for twenty paise and bought a bread although I could not eat it," reported the boy.

"What ! You sold it for twenty paise? You liar, give me all the money you received by selling it, or I will break your head!" shouted the merchant.

The boy ran away. He went in search of the dog, for, all his wrath due to his own hunger and his master's anger was now concentrated on the dog. He found the dog near the market and rushed towards it. The dog fled and entered a money-lender's house. The money-



lender who was then counting his money, had just gone into the next room leaving some coins on his table. The boy grabbed at the coins and left for his master's house.

The merchant was happy to receive the coins. He gave a part of it to the boy. The boy now went to the market and ate breads and sweets to his heart's content.

But the money-lender had reported of the theft to the police. The police, on suspicion, took hold of the boy. At the police station, the officer asked him, "Did you take away a handful of coins from the money-lender's table?"

"I did!" was the reply.

"When did you do it?" he was asked.

"When I pursued the dog," answered the boy.

"But when did you pursue the dog?" asked the officer.

"Why, when I took away the money!" was the reply.

The officer did not know what to do. He asked, "Where is your home?"

"In front of Punditji's house," answered the boy.

"Where is Punditji's house?" asked the officer.

"Why, in front of my house!" said the boy.

"Where are both the houses?" asked the officer.

"Well, in front of each other, of course! I'm not a fool!" said the boy.

"No, you are not," remarked the officer, "I'm a fool to waste my time on you."

The boy was allowed to leave the police station. He went back to the market and resumed eating.







## THE GHOST COUPLE!

Two thieves formed an excellent team. One was an expert in stealing; the other was an expert in devising ways of escaping.

In a certain village lived a pundit with his wife. One day the couple paid a visit to a relative's house in the neighbouring village. The thieves who gathered the information that the couple had decided to pass the night in the relative's house, broke open the pundit's door and hurriedly made bundles of whatever his household contained.

But it so happened that a villager was passing by the house. He knew that the pundit and his wife were away. When he heard some sound from inside the house, he concluded that the house was being burgled. He lost no time in raising a cry: "Thieves, thieves! Hurry up, villagers, let us not allow

the thieves to escape!"

Several people rushed to the spot soon. But they hesitated to enter the house lest the thieves should attack them with any lethal weapon.

The hullabaloo made by the crowd panicked the thieves. "What is to be done?" asked one. "It is a difficult situation. But no harm trying to get out of it!" said the other and they then exchanged their ideas in whisper.

Suddenly one of them raised his voice and asked in an eerie feminine tone, "What is this noise about?"

The other answered in a hoarse tone, "Some fools think that we are thieves. Hell with them who do not know ghosts from thieves! However, coming to this poor pundit's house was a mistake on our part. We ghosts would like to eat some fowls and some goats. The



pundit's household is full of dry flowers and books which are tasteless. Let us hurry to the landlord's house. We can gobble up a dozen of his chickens before it is dawn!"

"That is a fine idea!" said the first thief, still imitating the feminine voice.

The crowd heard the conversation with great attention and some of them said, "Good God! This is a couple of ghosts! Let us rush to the landlord's house and warn him about the danger of the ghost couple's visit."

The crowd ran towards the landlord's house. The thieves escaped with their booty.

The landlord woke up at the noise of the approaching crowd.

"Sir! A ghost couple is about to visit your house with the motive of gobbling up some of your fowls and goats," reported

the people and narrated all that had happened.

The landlord made arrangements to protect his birds and animals with strong guards. Then he sent word to a necromancer. The necromancer came with his paraphernalia and recited *mantras* and claiming that he had driven away the ghosts, pocketed his fees and went away.

As soon as the pundit entered the village in the morning, people related the ghost episode to him. He was bewildered. His bewilderment was over as soon as he reached his house. He banged his hands on his head and cried, "What simpletons you are! The thieves looted my house and befooled you all!"

The landlord was very sorry for the fees he had paid to the necromancer!







## THE STRANGE INVENTION

It happened long ago. The king of Vidarva was fond of new inventions. Every year he gave a big reward to the man who had invented the most wonderful thing during the year.

Pravar was the court physician. After years of secret research he succeeded in preparing a magic tonic. If one drank that tonic while thinking of a particular animal or bird, he will turn into that animal or bird. If he will wish to return to his human form, he will have to consume another tonic. But the physician had not been able to prepare the second tonic because it was beyond his reach to obtain all the items necessary to prepare that. However, he had no doubt that he was going to bag the

year's reward by the merit of the first tonic alone.

But when he presented the tonic to the king and told all about its power, the king wanted to try it on somebody. "Before giving you the reward I must be sure of its efficacy!" said the king. But nobody in the court was willing to turn into an animal or a bird in the absence of the tonic by the virtue of which he could again change into a man. The king would have compelled the physician himself to consume the tonic. But the physician was too valuable to be sacrificed. Suddenly an idea came to him. He asked his guards to go to the physician's house and bring his young son there. The physician was scared and he pleaded



with the king not to do the experiment on his son. But his pleadings were not heeded.

When the boy came the king told him, "What fascinates you—an elephant or a deer? Think of any animal you like and drink this!"

While the physician was weeping, the boy drank the tonic thinking of a deer. And lo and behold! he changed into a deer before the eyes of all!

The physician gave out a loud cry and dashed his head on the floor.

"Why are you so sad? Apart from the reward, I will give you all the money you need to prepare the other tonic which

could bring your son back to his human form. For inventing that tonic you are sure to win the reward for the second time!" said the king.

"I can never prepare that tonic, for one of the items necessary for that can never be obtained," replied the physician.

"Why? What is that item?" queried the king.

"I must have the left eye of a king who was over fifty years of age," replied the physician.

"Don't worry. The king of the neighbouring land was over fifty. We will defeat him in a battle, take him prisoner and pluck out his left eye," boasted the king.





Still weeping, the physician returned home, along with the deer.

The king's only son, also a young boy, read with the physician's son in the school. They were great chums. Because the physician's son did not turn up at the school that day, the prince went to the physician's house straight from the school.

As soon as the physician saw the prince he wailed and said, "O prince, look what has happened to your friend. It is entirely due to my folly. Had I not invented this cursed tonic, my son would not have turned a deer!" The physician pointed his finger at the deer and at the tonic something of which was still left.

The prince, who was too young to realise the consequence of his action and who was too

much eager to become like his friend, immediately picked up the vessel with the tonic and gulped the content. By the time the vessel from his hands was snatched away by his bodyguards, he had already turned into a deer.

Now it was the king's turn to weep. Although he had declared that he would capture the neighbouring king and pluck out his eyes, he knew it too well that that would be impossible. The neighbouring king was far more powerful than him. At last the king was obliged to sacrifice his own left eye. He had just crossed fifty years.

The prince and the physician's son became boys again. Although the king lost one eye, he was sensible enough to give two rewards to the physician on account of his two strange inventions!







## VEER HANUMAN

Sita shivered in disgust at the audacity of Ravana. She answered, fixing her gaze upon a blade of grass which she held in her hand, "It is in vain that you dream of getting me. I am as far from you as the heaven is from a sinner. Just as you do not expect your wife to be faithless to you, you should not expect me to be faithless to my husband. It is unfortunate that there is nobody to put sense into you. Or, maybe, you are disregarding the just counsel of your well-wishers. Your arrogance will be the cause of the destruction of your kingdom. Still there is time. If you wish to save yourself, go and surrender to Sri Rama. Compassionate that he is, he will pardon

you. I too am willing to plead on your behalf. Lead me to him with a heart purified with repentance. Otherwise Sri Rama and Lakshmana will kill you in no time."

Ravana bellowed with fury, "Know it, O Sita, that any one of these impudent advices you gave me could be enough of a cause to kill you. But I am refraining from taking any such step because I bear affection for you. I had granted a certain length of time for you to come to a decision. That period will lapse in two more months. You must consent to marry me in the meanwhile. Otherwise I will kill you and eat your flesh at the end of the period."

Even the demonesses who





guarded Sita felt remorseful at these words of Ravana. They looked at Sita with pity.

Ravana said, looking at the demonesses, "Try your best to make her submissive, in whatever way you can."

Dhanyamalini, the youngest wife of Ravana, embraced him and pleaded with him, "Why are you so eager to win a human wife since I am there for you? Don't you know that I can sacrifice my life for you? Why are you after a woman who does not like you?"

Ravana smiled and left the place. Immediately the demonesses such as Ekajata, Harijata, Pradhasa, Vikata and

Durmukhi pressed around Sita and said in a chorus how foolish it was on her part to ignore the love of the demon-king!

Sita answered them, "Don't you realise that it is a sin to say so? I will prefer to be devoured by you than to bear with such advice."

At that the demonesses began giving out threats to her. While talking, they all came under the very tree on which Hanuman sat. He could hear their words clearly.

A demoness named Vinata told Sita, "Listen, my sister, you are no doubt pure and virtuous. That is very nice. But even virtue should have a limit. Ravana, apart from being the king, is a demon of beauty and quality. There is no reason why you should not marry him and be happy. Rama, the poor wanderer, can never survive a battle with Ravana. It was high time that you gave up his hope."

Others supported Vinata, saying, "We mean your good. Why don't you pay heed to our words? You think that your beauty would abide by you for ever, do you? We can gulp you down our throats in the twinkling of an eye!"



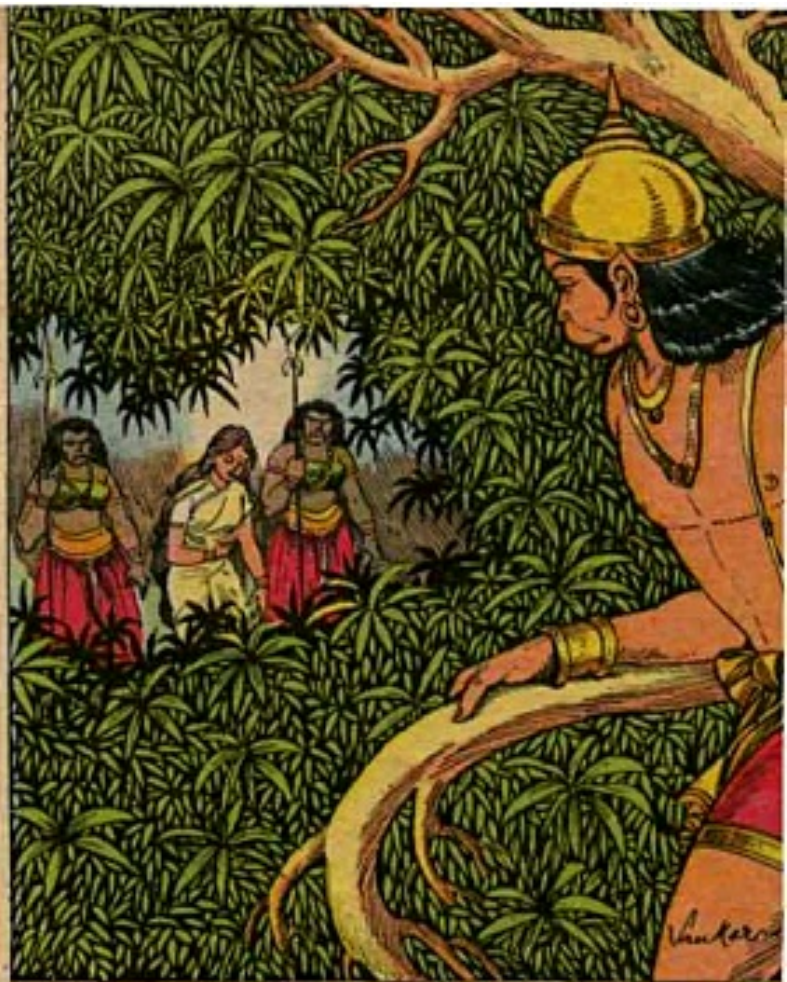
Then they discussed among themselves, "Let us kill Sita and report to Ravana that she died. Ravana would naturally ask us to eat her flesh. Better we decide right now upon our shares of her flesh so that we won't have to quarrel later."

Sita felt sad at this. She remembered her dear ones and wept and thought that it would be better for her to die as soon as possible.

But an old demoness named Trijata told the other demonesses, "Instead of eating Sita's flesh, eat mine, if you must. I dreamt a fearful dream. It showed me that the demons are fast approaching their doom."

"Will you narrate your dream to us?" asked the other demonesses.

Fixing her gaze on the rising sun, the old Trijata narrated, "Ramachandra, clad in white and wearing a garland of white flowers, came flying to Lanka, accompanied by Lakshmana. A thousand swans bore his chariot. Sita, also clad in white, stood on a white hill that rose from the sea. They met. Then I saw Rama and Lakshmana, seated on an elephant, passing through Lanka.



Thereafter, along with Sita, they boarded the *Pushpaka* chariot and flew northward. Ravana, bathed in oil, was seen falling down from the chariot, drinking oil all the while. Shorn of his hair and clad in black, he was dragged away by a number of women. Then I saw him proceeding southward, seated on a donkey. Once he fell down, terrified, from the donkey's back. I also saw a young lady clad in red and with mud pasted on her body, putting a noose around Ravana's neck and pulling him in the southern direction. I saw Kumbhakarna in similar situation too. Further I saw Ravana's sons bathing in





oil. Next I saw Ravana, Meghnad and Kumbhakarna heading southward riding a pig, a shark, and a camel, respectively. But Bibhishana was seen wearing a garland of white flowers, clad in white and adorned with white sandalwood paste. He and his ministers rode magnificent elephants. Last, I saw the city of Lanka crumbling into the sea.”

Trijata concluded before her spell-bound audience, “Better hands off Sita. Know for certain that Sita is about to be restored to Rama. Talk to her kindly and respectfully. Perhaps it will be wise on our part to pray for her protection.”

Hanuman saw and heard all this from his hiding on the tree. He reflected on several questions: How should he appear before Sita Devi and console her? If the demonesses see him and inform the demons about it, a fight cannot be avoided. Even if he succeeds in killing the demons, he might feel tired and that would cause difficulty in leaping over the wide ocean. Besides, Sita might think that he was a demon in disguise!

Hanuman at last began reciting the following in a voice loud enough for Sita to hear:

“The great king Dasharatha had the noble Ramachandra as his eldest son. In accordance with his father’s commitment, Ramachandra went to live in the forest accompanied by his younger brother and wife. He killed many a ferocious demon in the forest. To avenge this, Ravana kidnapped his wife, Sita Devi. Wandering in quest of Sita Devi, Ramachandra befriended Sugriva, the king of Vanaras. At Sugriva’s command a thousand Vanaras scattered in all directions to trace Sita Devi. I am one of them. I came here crossing the sea. At last, I believe, I have found Sita Devi.”





Hanuman fell into silence. Sita raised her head, amazement writ large on her face, and saw Hanuman.

Hanuman looked dazzling as a string of lightning. But Sita was tormented by several

doubts. Was what she saw real? It was unlikely for anybody who would speak so highly of Rama to be in Lanka. Maybe that it was nothing but a dream. To dream a Vanara was inauspicious. Does this



then mean that Ramachandra has landed in some difficulty? This last thought saddened her even more. But soon she realised that she was awake and what she saw could not be a dream. Next she thought that since her mind was entirely occupied by Ramachandra, all she heard about him could be nothing but delusion. She remembered the gods and prayed to them to come to her aid.

Hanuman jumped down and bowing to Sita, said, "Mother! You seem so noble and pure. Why do you weep? I take you as a goddess. Kindly do tell me if you are Sita Devi, kidnapped by Ravana. That will do you good."

Answered Sita, "I am indeed she, the daughter-in-law of King Dasharatha and daughter of Janaka, the king of Videha.

On the eve of Ramachandra's coronation, Kaikeyi, one of the queens of Dasharatha, insisted on Ramachandra leaving for the forest and her son Bharata being coronated. Dasharatha had earlier promised to grant two boons to Kaikeyi and these were the boons she now wished. Although Ramachandra did not want me to accompany him, I followed him, for without him even heaven would be an unhappy place for me. Lakshmana, one of Rama's younger brothers, too accompanied us. While we camped in the Dandakaranya, the wicked Ravana kidnapped me. He has allowed me two more months at the end of which I will be killed."

Hanuman heard this with rapt attention. He then tried his best to give solace to Sita.

(Contd.)







## REWARDS GALORE!

There was a famous temple which was frequented by numerous visitors. The trustees of the temple had constructed a number of guest-houses for providing safe and comfortable shelter to pilgrims. Each guest-house was left under the care of a watchman. It was the watchman's business to keep the houses clean and to look to the comforts of the guests.

Ranganath was a watchman in one of the guest-houses. He was honest and dutiful. One morning, after a couple who had occupied a room left, he found a costly gold chain lying on the cot. Although he was poor, he did not appropriate it. Instead, he took it and gave it to the manager of the temple. The manager was very much

pleased. He gave Ranganath a reward of fifty rupees.

The same evening, in their meeting, the trustees of the temple decided that each time a watchman acted truthfully in the face of any temptation to do otherwise, he would be given a reward of fifty rupees. The decision was communicated to all the watchmen.

Somanath was the name of another watchman. He was delighted to hear of the decision. His mind immediately began working on a scheme to bag the reward.

He conspired with a friend who lived in a nearby town. The friend would come to stay in the guest house for a night and leave behind some valuable thing deliberately. Somanath



would carry the thing to the manager and receive his reward. Next day his friend would come and claim the thing from the manager. This was repeated several times, the friend meeting the manager each time in a new disguise. The reward money was divided between both.

After a few months the manager observed that since the decision to give the reward was announced, it seemed that people forgot their things more frequently than they did before—particularly those who stayed in the guest-house looked after by Somanath.

The manager decided to put Somanath to test. He sent one of his friends to stay in the guest-house for a day. When leaving the guest-house, the friend left a diamond ring on a table inside his room. As was

his practice, Somanath entered the room as soon as the gentleman left and saw the diamond ring. He knew that the ring would cost about a thousand rupees. If he surrenders it to the manager, he would receive only fifty rupees. "I have given the proof of my honesty so many times that nobody would suspect me of appropriating it," he thought and putting the ring in the pocket, walked in the direction of his house. He had not the faintest idea that he was being followed by a plain-clothed officer.

When Somanath was about to enter his house, the officer signalled to the guards who followed him. The guards rushed forward and captured Somanath. The ring was recovered and Somanath, naturally, lost his job.







## NOT WORSE THAN A STONE!

Bapalal of Rampur was a wealthy man and his wife was a lady of many virtues. Several years after their marriage a son was born to them.

The child, Nandan, proved quite smart, but also naughty. At first Bapalal consoled his wife and himself, saying, "As the child would grow up, his nature would change."

But there was no sign of change in Nandan's nature. Even when he was ten years of age, he had learnt no alphabets. Bapalal was not the type of man to chide the boy or to be harsh with him. Nevertheless, he felt quite worried thinking of the boy's future.

Once Bapalal's childhood

teacher, Vidyanath, who was a renowned scholar, paid a visit to him. Bapalal reported to his teacher all about his son, in confidence.

Vidyanath smiled and said, "This is the result of your treating the child with unrestrained indulgence. However, I am willing to stay on for a week and see if I can do anything about it."

The same afternoon Vidyanath had a conversation with Nandan. He found that the boy showed no respect to him on account of his age or learning. The boy also had no hesitation in telling him that all he cared for in the world was play.

"I will like to see how you





play. I may join you in your games if I see that you play really well. I can also persuade your father not to compel you to go to school, if I find your play to be interesting enough!" said Vidyanath.

"That is an excellent idea!" said the boy, "But if you want to see me at play, come with me to the foot of the hills. My friends are there. You will enjoy our games."

"Well, let's go to the hills then," agreed Vidyanath.

On the way several villagers greeted the scholar with hands folded and heads bowed.

"Why are these people bow-

ing their heads to you?" asked Nandan.

"Of that I will tell you later. First let me see you play," said Vidyanath.

Other boys at the foot of the hill rejoiced at Nandan's arrival. But they felt shy at Vidyanath's sight.

"You need not feel shy before him. He has come to enjoy our play," Nandan told them and soon they were engrossed in their games. With patience Vidyanath kept sitting there for two hours. At last when the boys dispersed he called Nandan to his side and told him, "You wanted to know why people show me reverence. Will you like the people to show reverence to you too?"

"Who won't like that? But what have I to do for that?" asked Nandan.

"All you have to do is to give less time to your games. Your play was nice. But one does not gain anything if one devotes all his time to it," said Vidyanath.

"Even if I give up my play, how are you going to make the people show respect to me?" queried the boy.

"I can inspire respect in the people for anything or anybody,



if I so wish," replied Vidyanath.

Nandan looked at the scholar with a smile 'of ridicule and kicked forward a mass of stone and challenged, "Can you make people respect this?"

"I can," answered Vidyanath without the slightest hesitation, and added, "Wait till tomorrow and see what I can do to this stone."

Nandan's pals who heard this from behind laughed and remarked, "The old fellow seems mad!"

But Nandan was surprised to see the scholar carrying the stone with him.

Vidyanath did not speak to Nandan anymore in the evening. In fact, he closed the doors of his room and had not come out even till the time when Nandan retired to bed.

In the morning Nandan woke up at the voices of several people. Coming out of his room he was amazed to see a crowd of men and women watching a stone idol of Lord Krishna. Vidyanath too was there. When he saw Nandan, he led him to a side and said, "Look here. It is the very stone you had kicked at yesterday. Judge for yourself whether I have been able to earn the







people's respect for the stone or not!"

"No doubt, you have," answered Nandan, "But that was after all a stone and that is why you could carve an idol out of it at your will. How can you do the same to me?"

“Why, are you worse than a stone that I cannot make a res-

pectable man out of you?" asked the scholar.

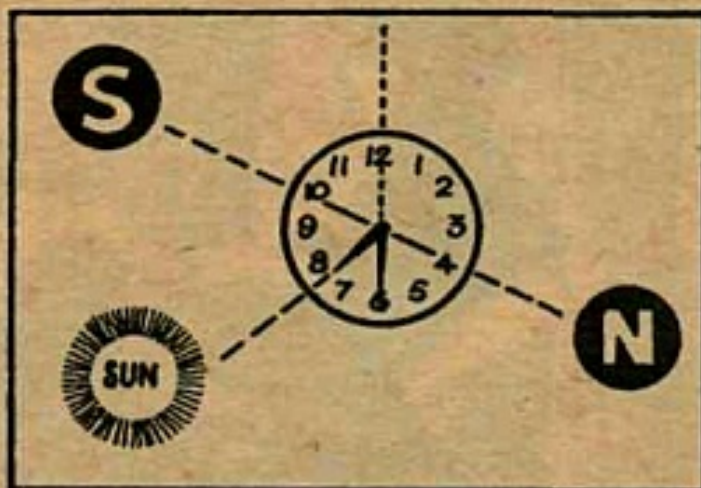
Nandan felt ashamed and did not answer. But Vidyanath soon won his heart through his affection and wisdom. Nandan accompanied Vidyanath to his house where he stayed for two years and got a good grounding for further learning.

# FUN WITH SCIENCE

If your watch is going properly, you can use it as a compass to find south, from which you can work out all the other 'points of the compass'.

Hold your watch flat and point its hour hand at the sun. Imagine a line running across the dial which will cut in two the angle formed by the hour hand and the number twelve.

The imaginary line or 'meridian' will run from north to south. At noon when the hour hand of your watch



points to twelve, the sun will lie due south on the meridian.

Before noon, south will lie on your imaginary line to the left of the number twelve. After noon, south will lie on the line to the right of twelve.



# Win a hundred rupees!

**A RIDDLE FOR THE READERS OF CHANDAMAMA**

## **THE KING'S CHALLENGE**

Once upon a time there was king. He considered himself too clever to be outwitted by anybody and was sure that none could ever deceive him with a lie.

One day the proud king announced in his court, "Whoever could make me accept his bluff as truth, he would bag a reward of a thousand rupees!"

While all kept quiet, the court-jester stood up and accepted the challenge, saying, "My lord! I can make you believe in my bluff!"

"Come on. Let us see how you can do it!" said the king.

"My lord! Can't you see that I am already successful? Why delay, my lord, let me have the promised reward!" replied the jester.

The king reflected over the reply for a while and then, without a word more, handed over the reward to the jester.

**LET US HEAR FROM YOU, DEAR READER:** Do you think that the jester really succeeded in making the king believe as true what was in fact his bluff? If so, what was that bluff?

The CHANDAMAMA will be pleased to reward the reader whose answer proves correct with a sum of one hundred rupees. But each entry should be accompanied by this coupon, with the questionnaire on the reverse side fully answered. This is a must for the entry being considered. Please send your entries before 20th February 1976, addressed to:

**THE CHANDAMAMA RIDDLE FOR READERS,**

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## The Coupon

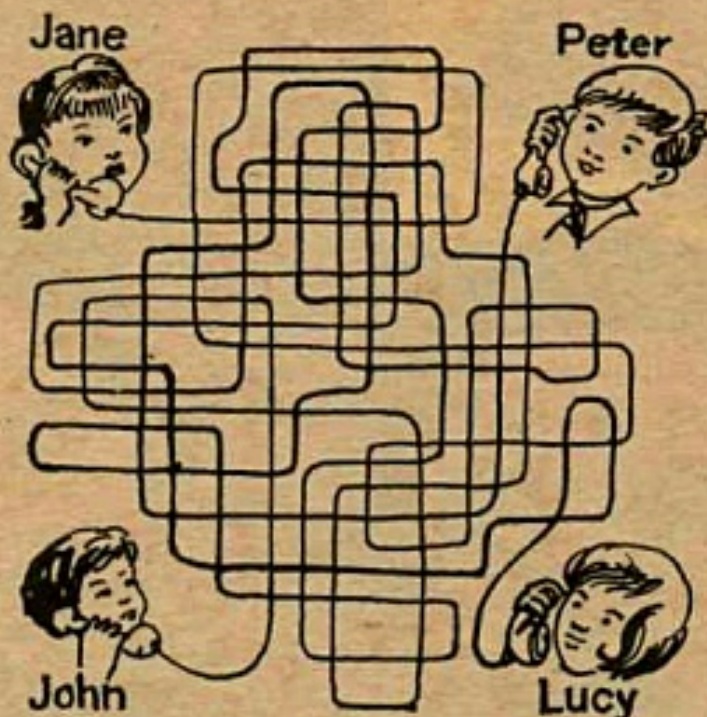
1. Your name and address : \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_
2. Your age : \_\_\_\_\_
3. How many sisters and brothers have you? : \_\_\_\_\_
4. What are their ages? : \_\_\_\_\_
5. Do you lend your copy of the  
CHANDAMAMA to others? : \_\_\_\_\_
6. How many persons read the magazine  
borrowing it from you? : \_\_\_\_\_
7. What is your father's vocation? : \_\_\_\_\_
8. What post does he hold if he is  
an employee? : \_\_\_\_\_
9. Is the house you live in your own or  
is it a rented one? : \_\_\_\_\_
10. Does your family possess vehicles such as motor car,  
motor-cycle, etc? : \_\_\_\_\_
11. What other magazines do you read along with the  
CHANDAMAMA? : \_\_\_\_\_

Signature

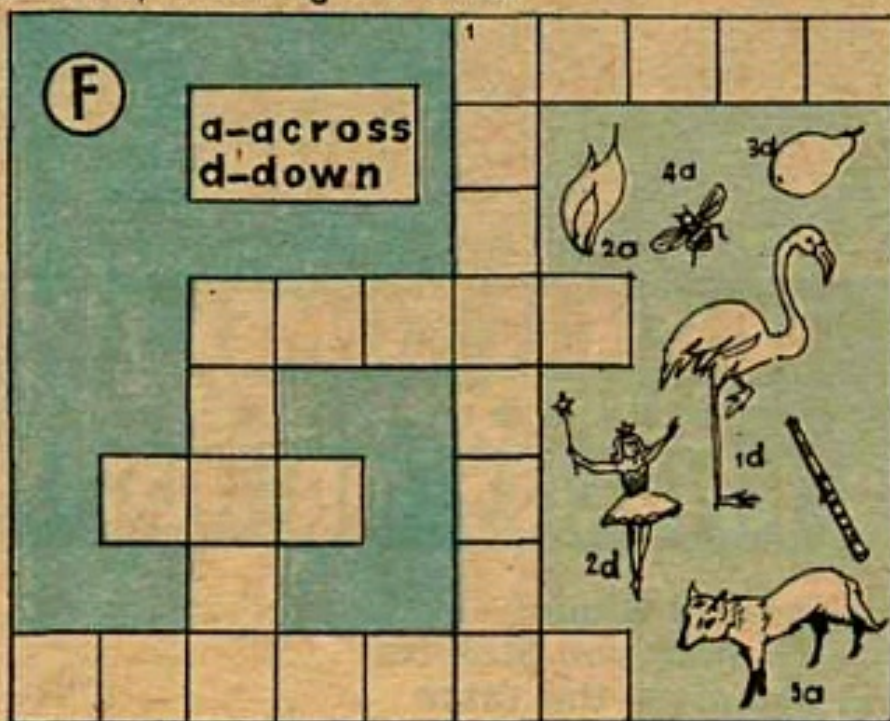


# PUZZLE TIME

All the answers to this crossword begin with the letter 'F'. Can you put the names of all the objects in the correct spaces?



See if you can guess which of these children are talking to one another on the telephone. Check your answers by following the wires.



**ANSWERS**  
 Jane is talking to John and Peter is talking to Lucy.  
 1A Flute, 2A Flame, 3A Fig, 4A Fly, 5A Fox,  
 1D Flamingo, 2D Fairy





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I won't pull  
chooti's pigtails  
if you give me  
Raspberry  
**REX**  
Jelly



I'll let Jolo play  
with my doll  
if she gives me  
her Strawberry  
**REX**  
Jelly



I'd even do  
my arithmetic  
homework for  
Cherry  
**REX**  
Jelly



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its own or teamed with fruit, custard,  
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